Miſ: Page. Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to ſuſpect her thus without a cauſe.

Doct. No by my trot it be no vell.

For. Well, I pray beare with me, M. *Page* pardon me I ſuffer for it, I ſuffer for it.

Sir Hu. You ſuffer for a bad conſcience, look you now

Foord. Well, I pray no more, another time Ile tell you all:
The meane time go dine with me, pardon me wife,
I am ſorry; M. *Page*, pray go in to dinner,
Another time Ile tell you all.

Pa. Well let it be ſo, and to morrow I inuite you all to my houſe to dinner: and in the morning wee'l a birding, I haue an excellent Hawke for the buſh.

Ford. Let it be ſo: Come M. *Page*, come wife;
I pray you come in all, y'are welcome, pray come in.

Sir Hugh: By ſo kad vdge me, M. *Foord* is not in his right wits. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and Bardolfe.

Fal. Bardolfe, brew me a pottle of ſacke preſently.

Bar: With Egges ſir?

Falſtaff. Simply of it ſelfe, Ile none of theſe Pullets ſperme in my drinke: goe make haſte. Haue I liued to be carried in a basket and throwne into the thames like a Barow of butchers offoll. Well, if I be ſerued ſuch another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a Dog for a new-yeares gift. Sbloud, the rogues ſlided me in with as little remorſe as if they had gone to drowne a blinde Bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know

know by my ſize I haue a kinde of alacrity in ſinkin
if the bottome had bin as deep as hell I ſhould dow
I had bene drowned, but that the ſhore was ſhelt
and ſomewhat ſhallow: a death that I abhorre, F
you know the water ſwels a man: and what a thi
ſhould I haue bene when I had bene ſwelled? By t
Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sac
brewed?

Bar. I ſir, there's a woman below would ſpeak wi
you.

Fal. Bid her come vp. Let me put ſome ſack amo
this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had ſw
lowed ſnow-bals for pilles.

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Now what's the newes with you?

Quic. I come from Miſtris *Foord* forſooth.

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I haue had Ford enough,
I haue bene throwne into the Foord,
My belly is full of Foord: ſhe hath tickled me.

Quic. O Lord ſir, ſhe is the ſorrowfulleſt wom
that her ſeruants miſtooke, that euer liued. And
ſhe would deſire you of all loues you will meete h
once againe, to morrow ſir, betweene ten and eleue
and ſhe hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. Ten and eleuen, ſaiſt thou?

Quic. I forſooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but thi
Of mans frailty: Let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And ſo farwell.